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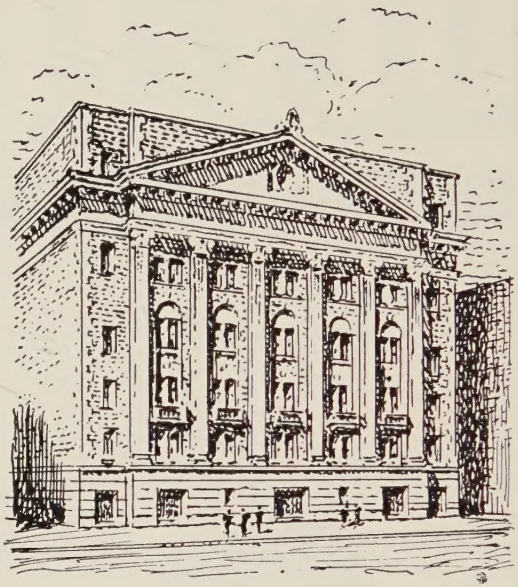
JULY, 1952

# The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust for office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

*From "The Day's Demand,"*
*By Josiah Gilbert Holland.*



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

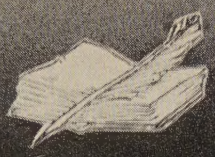
**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



*Volume XXIX* *July, 1952* *Number 4*

# ALONG THE WAY

**By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**

THE difficulty in writing my monthly column "Along the Way" is the fact I must have it finished nearly a month before publication. This situation always makes me conscious that by the time you are reading these words they will have lost some of the significance and enthusiasm in which they were written.

Frequently I mention some of the experiences which I have had and events which have taken place in my sermons, and as many of our subscribers are listeners some of my material may seem repetitious.

At the time you will be reading this, about the first week in July, I shall be on the Atlantic, but at the moment I am right in the midst of my commencement and baccalaureate addresses and am filled with the enheartening reactions I am receiving nightly from the young people to whom I am speaking. There is no speaking I do during the year, apart from preaching, which I enjoy more than giving these commencement addresses. I have had classes this year ranging from 26 members to the more than 1600 graduates when I gave the baccalaureate address to the High Schools of Gary. The Gary baccalaureate was one of the most inspiring I have ever had. More than 5,000 people were present. The service was held in the Municipal Auditorium.

As I am facing these graduating classes night after night I have the feeling "How I wish those people who are constantly criticising our modern young people could be present and look into their faces and hear what they have to say about the world in which they find themselves." If we were to judge from the screeching headlines of newspapers which record vividly and dramatically the escapades and tragedies which happen to many young people, we certainly would be justified in thinking that this generation is about the worst we have ever known. Many people forget that when some tragedy occurs among young people, those involved constitute the great minority. Evil is news and is always given wide publicity. For every high school or college boy who is wrong through and through, there are thousands who are right, whom no one ever hears about. The same is true of our young women. I cannot help but feel it is an injustice to make an accusation against a whole group for what the minority might happen to be. From this minority will not come the

leadership of the future anyway. They will soon be eliminated. The leadership is coming from the unknown majority who are seriously doing their work and giving thought to the world they are in and to their own future. I know this to be true. If I were to judge only from the press reports it would be a different story. One of the things which deepens my faith in the indestructibility of our country and the creation of a great future for it, is my faith in this generation. I believe they are going to do better for their children than we have done for them. After all, they haven't been doing the voting nor creating the leadership. I have detected this year more than ever before in every baccalaureate and commencement service I have had, a seriousness on the part of young people. They are concerned about their future. I have only one worry concerning them. I am not worried about their potentiality; I am not worried even about their morals, but I am worried about their developing a sense of frustration and defeatism. A young graduate only 17 said to me the other evening, "I am interested in chemistry. I believe the future belongs to the creative chemist. I am looking forward to a university career in chemistry and to the time when I shall have my own laboratory"; and then, with a shrug of the shoulders he said, "but what's the use?" It is the "shrug of the shoulders" which worries me. When young people feel that their destiny is out of their hands and that they are the victims of uncontrollable circumstances then their dreams and plans evaporate. That is the danger point. As long as young people are imbued with the idea that there is something they can do and a contribution they can make in the future to change all this, there is hope for the world. My experience this commencement season has increased my faith in the future, and I have tried, within the scope of my limitations, to create in the minds of all young people the thought "There is something you can do about it all" and I have learned that when young people feel that others have confidence in them and encourage them, their whole attitude changes.

* * *

I have received many letters during the past few weeks regarding the raids which students have been making on women's dormitories in some of our colleges, and universities. I have not mentioned the subject in the pulpit nor over the radio but from the number of letters I have received about it, parents and others are deeply concerned and are reacting with a variety of emotions. Some psychiatrists have explained it on the basis of psychological factors. The events have been uniformly condemned and the participants criticised.

I am not going to discuss here certain features of this situation, but there are a few definite opinions which I have formed about it. I wish it might be possible to make a careful analysis of each of the personalities involved. I think many people would be surprised at what such an analysis would reveal. I question whether very many of the students involved are working their way through college or university. I venture that they are not the type of student who has the responsibilty of getting his own food, his own clothes, and his own shelter. I am convinced that they represent a type of student who has had a pretty easy time and who has had far too much given him without any effort on his part. I am convinced also that in spite of the widespread publicity, that the actual number of students at any college or university guilty of such infantile practices represents a small minority of

the student body. Here again is a case where a few give reputation to the many. In no college or university of which I have read has the number of students participating represented anything like a majority of the students of the institution. Again it is one of life's tragic realities that one rotten apple can contaminate the whole barrel.

What I am about to say may seem very harsh to you but I assure you that vengeance and vindictiveness are not qualities of my character. However, I think every student of military age involved in such a procedure should be immediately put into active military service. Some of the energy which they wasted might well be spent helping a lot of fine youngsters I know who are in Korea.

Though most of the men involved are probably in a military status of deferment, or they would not be in college or university, any right which they have to the maintenance of that status is eliminated by such a silly and ridiculous escapade. If the government would change their military status it would have a preventive effect and result in a complete cessation of such practices.

There is another effect of great significance produced by such occurrences as this. Our educational institutions are the only ones in the world, so far as I know, where such an event would take place. I can well imagine what the newspapers of Russia and the satellite countries are saying of us and of our young people, as they play up the situation with photographs and vivid articles on front pages of their newspapers. Young people should think twice before they do anything which will make it more difficult for the free world. Anyhow I have had my say about it and this will probably answer many of the letters which I have received from members and subscribers.

* * *

All my life I have loved to travel. One of the most fascinating subjects to me when I was in school was geography. Far away places, interesting and picturesque people, and beautiful scenes of nature have always held great allurement for me. Because through the years I have been able to have only the summers available for travel, conditions of climate have limited these trips. I have never been to the orient, or to the near East or far East. I have been able to see something of Central America; I have been in Iceland and have had many trips to Europe. Now, as the maturity of the years has come upon me, many of the places I wanted to visit I shall probably never see, and increasingly the appeal of our Island home in Lake Vermilion makes itself felt. I have precious memories of restful summers there with those who were a part of my life.

These last few summers I have been going back to Europe to old places I have known and loved: to old friends I have made through the years and to churches in which I have often preached. Perhaps it would be better if I were to go to entirely new scenes and unfamiliar spots, but I am somewhat of a traditionalist and the unfamiliar doesn't have the appeal which it once had.

Elsewhere in this number of The Liberalist you will find my itinerary for the summer, and if you have any friends located in these places, or if you will be visiting where I am preaching, nothing would give me greater happiness than to meet them or to see you. I look forward to the renewal of my friendships in Ireland, England, Scotland, Wales and Holland. Some of the friendships I have made there are the most significant in my life. I will

tell you more about my summer visits next month.

* * *

One of the events to which I am looking forward with pleasant anticipation is the meeting of the International Congress on Free Religion which will be held this year at Manchester College, Oxford, England, on August 15, 16 and 17. It has been my privilege to attend many of these International Congresses, one of which stands out with great significance—the meeting in Prague, Czechoslovakia, some years ago. It was one of the two occasions on which Mrs. Bradley accompanied me to Europe and probably one of the most vital and dynamic International Congresses on Religion which has been held.

The International Congress had its origin here in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair in 1894, when there gathered from all over the world representatives of almost every known religion in a great parliament of faith. Mr. C. W. Denicke, long Superintendent of our Church School and member of our Board and for many years one of our most devoted workers in the Church, presented me, not long before his death, with a complete verbatim report of all the addresses delivered at that Parliament of Religion. In the light of the present to reread the best thoughts of the finest thinkers of world religions is a great experience. The timelessness of truth is obvious. The conferences have been held annually throughout the world, ever since, with the exception of the interruptions caused by two world wars.

The International Congress on Free Religion has now become almost a conference of the Christian tradition, and the emphasis these last few years has been placed on the meaning and value of liberal religion in the life of mankind.

I was present at the conference in Amsterdam, Holland, in 1950, and was honored by being invited to give the concluding address. This year there will be a three-day conference in which there will be representatives of the liberal point of view from many countries. It is always interesting to meet men and women from Germany, Holland, France, the British Isles and our own country who represent the same approach to religion which we do in our church.

I shall renew my acquaintance this year with the Reverend Dr. Marcel, who is the minister of a great liberal church in the City of Paris. Dr. Marcel is a successor to the great Pastor Wagner. You may recall that Pastor Wagner was the author of the book "The Simple Life," which Theodore Roosevelt read and brought to the attention of the people of this country. I recall when people were talking about "The Simple Life" as they have talked these last two or three years about the book "Peace of Mind." I took down my copy of "The Simple Life" the other day from my library shelf and reread it. I wish there were some way in which a publisher could be interested in bringing out a new edition of "The Simple Life" by Pastor Wagner. I know of few books people are reading today more valuable or more contemporary. It is just as necessary and vital for this age as it was for the era in which it had its great acclaim and recognition. Pastor Wagner was one of the most vital personalities of French liberal theological thought. I wonder if any reader would recall the book. It is surely an affirmation of the enduring quality of truth. I am convinced, if "The Simple Life" were made available to people today, it would outdistance any present book on creative living.

Most of my commencement engagements have been within motoring distance of Chicago. I never realized more the healing, cleansing power of nature than I have this spring, as I have started out sometimes in early morning, sometimes at noon or afternoon, to make some 8 o'clock engagement somewhere in surrounding country. Frequently I have left tired of body and a little weary of soul. Then to get out in the countryside and see the beauty of living, growing, lovely things would change my whole spirit. I have never known the country to be more beautiful than this spring, probably because we have had an excess of moisture. I have watched the foliage develop into full bloom; I have watched the dooryards of the farms from the first peeping crocus to the luscious blooming peony, and it has been a restful and inspiring experience.

It is a tragedy that so many people driving along the highways and out in country places insist on going at such a terrific speed that they see nothing. We always leave our schedule sufficiently flexible that we can arrive at our destination without haste or danger. It is merely a matter of timing, and as we drive along and see them go by us with twice our speed, we wonder why they insist on missing so much.

* * *

There comes to my desk each week and has for years, a weekly paper called "The Inquirer," which is the organ of Unitarian Christianity and Free Religious Fellowship. It was established in 1842 and is published in London, England. The front page is always the editorial page. I cannot write too glowingly of the character of the editorials in "The Inquirer." I have had the opportunity in London of meeting Mr. Lee who writes these editorials. I read each one carefully and critically every week. Some of the best thinking I have met is to be found in the editorials. The clear, concise, analytical manner of approach is a constant illumination to me. There is no writing which I know of anywhere in the English language which states with any more clarity and in a more constructive manner the problems involved in the approach to liberal religious thinking. It is the finest writing in any religious journal I know published on either side of the Atlantic. I wish "The Inquirer" could be widely read among the people of this country and particularly among those of us who believe that liberal religion has the vitality, the philosophy and the spirit pointing the way out of this modern dilemma in which we find ourselves.

"The Inquirer" has been publishing recently the findings of sixty groups of Unitarians and Free Christians in Great Britain upon certain religious and social issues. I have read them carefully and if we could find a way to apply the conclusions of this careful thinking to the problems of liberal religion in our American churches we could take a great step forward. I am going to say more about "The Inquirer" some time, and I hope to meet the editor again when I am in London this month.

I have no authority for telling you this, but I think if you would write to The Editor, The Inquirer, 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C. 1, England, he might send you a sample copy, and if you write for one ask for a copy of the May 10, 1952 number, for in that issue they publish an article, "A Thinking Faith," which is the findings of the groups that have been studying the problems of Liberal Religion. In an hour of such confusion, permeated with conflicts, clear thinking is more essential than ever. Thinking is one

of the hardest tasks. It seems to me most of us only think we think. In thinking about religion, with the heritage of denominational competition, creedal and dogmatic arguments, contentious theologies, superstition and fear, it is most essential that we get ourselves straightened out on the question of religion. It is possible to think clearly, constructively and creatively about religion, for religion at its highest is one of the most constructive and creative forces in life.

* * *

Next month, for August, I hope to be able to get the material to our printer in time to tell you something of my summer experiences.

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## Dr. Bradley's Summer Preaching Engagements Are as Follows:

Friday, June 13—Address, Linden High School Alumni Association, Linden, Michigan
Sunday, June 15—Dedication Address, Winona, Minnesota
Monday, June 16—Commencement Address, Merrill, Wisconsin
Sunday, July 13—Unitarian Church, Dublin, Ireland
Sunday, July 20—First Church, Dunmurry, Ireland
Sunday, July 20—All Souls Unitarian Church, Belfast, Ireland
Sunday, July 27—Essex Church, Notting Hill Gate, London, England
Sunday, Aug. 3—Church of Divine Unity, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England
Sunday, Aug. 10—Amsterdam, Holland
Friday, Aug. 15 through Aug. 17—International Conference on Religion, Manchester College, Oxford, England
Sunday, Sept. 21—Opening Service, Peoples Church

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## July Exhibits in the Library

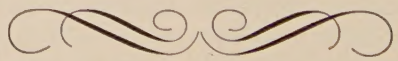
The Chicago Public Library on July 1 will open a display of the 180 outstanding pictures of the Chicago Tribune News Cameramen's 1951 Photographic exhibit in the Randolph Street Exhibit Corridor.

Included in the month-long exhibit will be the prize-winning sports, news, and features pictures selected by public vote when the pictures were shown in Tribune Tower.

The display will be open to the public from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Mondays through Fridays, and from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on Saturdays.

*IN THE ART DEPARTMENT*: Exhibit of Etchings by N. P. Steinberg and exhibit of Biblical procelain plates by Stephan S. Bram.

*IN THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT*: Exhibit of Old Time Political Campaign Songs.



# THE NECESSITY FOR PRAYER

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY**
**SUNDAY, MARCH 16, 1952**

WHEN any minister attempts to preach a sermon on prayer, he probably has chosen one of the most difficult subjects as indeed it is at the same time one of the greatest subjects that could be the theme of any sermon or any address—prayer and the necessity for prayer. Prayer is as natural as breathing. It is as universal as life and the student of anthropology who is interested in a study of comparative religions finds very early in the study evidences of the universality of prayer. There has never been, so far as the historians and anthropologists can discover, any civilization, no matter how ancient or how hidden from the eye of modern man, that did not leave upon its descendants evidences of the characteristic of prayer. Ever since man looked over his shoulder, saw a shadow and the mystery of his own relation to the cosmos of which he is a part was born in his consciousness man has prayed.

Mr. Toynbee, in his great and remarkable and in some respects the greatest work on the philosophy of history that exists today, who has abridged his seven volumes into one volume, THE HISTORY AND THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION, tells us there are nineteen civilizations that have been existent in man's struggle toward the stars. Fifteen of those civilizations have completely passed away. Four of them are now of sufficient vitality to be identified in the modern civilized world. Two of those reveal many definite and unimpeachable evidences they are beginning to disappear. But in all the civilizations that have existed throughout the centuries, there has never been one in which the people who comprised the civilization did not give evidence of the faculty of prayer. Long before we had known theology in the tradition of Christian theology man was praying. It is true he was praying to crude statues and polished stones, unusual waterfalls. Gods and goddesses ruled the earth and ruled the sky. But man straight down through these centuries has always revealed the faculty of prayer, and it is against the background of its universality that we must think in terms of its power and in terms of its importance.

Every heart in this congregation, no matter what your religious loyalty might happen to be; every listener to me now, whether you are a Catholic, whether you are Jewish or a Protestant, whether you are an atheist, so-called, or an agnostic, I think I can demonstrate to each heart that you pray. The difficulty is that due to tradition and association we have thought of prayer in terms of concrete expressions with certain phrases and attitudes and we think that unless one prays in the formal and traditional sense, then that person does not pray at all. That is not true. There isn't one of you listening who probably hasn't prayed this morning since you arose. Some might have prayed within the formula of Christian tradition. You may have used some certain approach, certain identifications, certain attitudes toward the Deity. Some of you never used a phrase at all, but you prayed. Prayer is a universal attribute and when we think of prayer only in terms of asking, we think of prayer in its most belittling form. Most people only are inspired to pray when they suddenly

meet a great crisis or when some tragedy strikes them down, or something happens to their loved ones or their families, and then suddenly out of the recesses of their being they cry "Oh, God, don't let this happen to me." Or they challenge God with the question "Why did it happen to me?" And we think of prayer only in terms of concrete petitions, a sublimated backlog when we are in trouble. And people automatically and quickly turn toward some form of petition to God in the depths of their trouble and despair. It's perfectly natural, perfectly normal. Why, there would be something the matter with us if we didn't do that. That is the human in us. That establishes our humanity. To whom does a little child run when he stumbles and bumps his knee? To his mother. Where does a little lad go when there is some difficulty in his life and some of his companions beat him up a little, where does he run? He runs to his father, if his father is about. It is as natural for a troubled human heart to turn to God as it is for a little baby to turn his face to the breast of his mother when he is hungry. There isn't an unnatural thing about it. It's just human nature. For down through the centuries man has had an accumulation of experiences in which if he felt deep in his consciousness that there was no power more than himself, he would curse the day he was born. I have had moments like that, so have you—moments when life just caved in on us and everything we had given our lives to fell about us like a flimsy house of cards; every hope upon which we had pinned the stars of the future was lost. Why, it is as natural for the human heart to turn to the Power greater than themselves in that moment as it is for me to take a breath now. Just as natural. If I tried to live my life on the basis that there was no kindly friendly Power in this universe above my own little limited world, with my inefficiency and my incapacity to live life as I should like to live it, with the fierceness, the sins, the stumbling, the bloodiness of life; if I felt that there wasn't a Power greater than I; if there wasn't a Power Who, when friends misunderstood and misinterpreted and deserted and when all life seemed to be chaos and confusion, and if I didn't have a Father to turn to, I would curse the day I was born! I would say I never should have been born at all, if that is all there is to it. But to feel that there is a reality, One who has such a complete microscopic vision of my life that I cannot hide, with all the artistry I can summon, one single thing from that Power—nobody has to explain anything to God. That is one of the tragedies of so much formal prayer.

When I was a little boy our little white church was a part of my life for the first sixteen years of my life. I don't say this because I want to give anybody the impression that I was inordinately pious as a boy because I wasn't. There's a little bit of the "Old Harry" in most boys and I don't want to give the impression at all that I was extremely pious because I wasn't. I knew where every watermelon patch was in our township and I knew what nights they were the ripest and the night that was the darkest. There isn't any doubt about that. But I used to like to go to the little service called a prayer meeting that we had in that church and it always was held on Thursday night. Thursday night was prayer meeting night in the little village church.

There wasn't any television then and there wasn't any radio and there weren't any electric lights, and our little village had two telephones and they didn't work most of the time. It

was a very quiet peaceful way of life. We shall never see that again. You and I might just as well make up our minds to it. We will never know a world except one of turmoil. For the next ten or fifteen years—all the rest of the way of my life will probably be spent in confusion and a tortured world. And sometimes I wish when I see young people like there are in the congregation this morning, I sometimes covet with all my soul the ability to pick you up and take you back for a few days with me to quiet days. You can't appreciate—you don't know what those days were and I can't tell you and I couldn't create any moment for you at all, not a single moment by which you could comprehend them. I just couldn't. I wish I could, because you see you have missed something very great, and as my life deepens and the shadows of it lengthen, it becomes increasingly important to me.

Well, in these little prayer meetings on Thursday nights we usually had about six or seven there. And we had an Elder in the church whose name was George West. A good man he was. But his religion was hidebound. There was no imagination. It was all set form and ceremony. And he used to lead the prayer meeting. And as a little boy, I never remember when I didn't want to be a preacher. The only thing I ever wanted to be really, was just exactly what I am. And I used to like to go to prayer meeting and we would sing a hymn. Then after the hymn he would read the Scripture. Then after the Scripture we would sing another hymn. Then everybody there was supposed to pray. And it didn't make any difference whether you had anything to pray about, and sometimes there wasn't much. You were supposed to say a prayer. And I used to pray at that little meeting because I would try deliberately to pray a new way every Thursday and it was a little upsetting to some of them. They grew a little suspicious of me. And there have been people who have been suspicious ever since. But they were a little suspicious of me because I wouldn't follow the formula. And I recognized even then and strangely enough the feeling has been intensified as the years have gone, that praying was conversation with God, just talking with God. I didn't want a lot of phrases and a lot of formula. And George West, the Elder, had a prayer. I can hear that prayer now. He never changed one word. He never changed a phrase. He never changed an article. And he always started with "O, God, Thou knowest." And then he told God for five minutes everything that God already knew! And by his own prayer admitted it! "Thou knowest!" I think it is rather a tragic thing to take up God's time by telling Him things which He already knows. That isn't praying at all. That is the praying of people who are afraid that God will forget that they know how great God is, so they start with "O, God, Thou knowest."

I spoke at a dinner the other night where they had asked a certain minister to give the Invocation. As usually happens, it is utilized as an opportunity to make a speech or preach a sermon and it was essentially a sermon that took about twelve minutes. And he said to the people "Let us now stand for the Invocation." And I stood it out for the first nine minutes and then sat down. I think anybody that gets an audience to stand up for what is supposed to be an Invocation—in the first place an Invocation is not supposed to be a prayer and it certainly isn't supposed to be a sermon. But this minister took twelve minutes explaining to God about the world that God knows and God sees and

God understands. He had to explain it all out to him. Now of course as a matter of fact what he was doing wasn't praying to God at all. Public prayer is a prayer that is assembled for human ears and not for God's ears. Jesus gave the formula for effective prayer: "Enter into thy closet and shut the door." You don't have to pray in public. You don't have to pray so that the words constitute some formula at all. And I have always thought of prayer as being the spontaneous breathing of one's soul with another. And when we apply it to religion specifically, it is the soul of man to the soul of God. That is what prayer is—from my soul to the soul of God. And the more intimate, the more free, the more beautiful and efficacious it is. The more of an intimate little free conversation, the more beautiful it is.

You see, most people try to make a bargain with God. How many times have people said "Now, God, if you will do this, I will do that." So they say to God—I have known this to happen—they say "God, if you won't let this happen; if You will only save the life of my child; if You will only let this business deal go through; if You will only let me get this contract; if You will only let me get this job, God, I will serve you to the end of my life. I will go to church every Sunday. I will help pay the preacher. I will take charge of the Sunday School. I will do anything in the world, God, if You will do this for me!" Do you think that is prayer? Well, it isn't. It's a libel of prayer! If you think God is going to make a deal with you, you're just self-deceived about prayer and you're self-deceived about God. God doesn't make that kind of a deal. He never did and He never will. That is not prayer. But if you have tried to do the right thing and the noble thing and the good thing; and you say to God "Look, God. I have just done the best I could. I have tried as hard as I could and I have done the best I could. Now, God, I can't do any more. I want to do the right thing, God. You help me." Then you will get the power. Then the strength will come. That isn't bargaining with God. And the success of your life and mine comes from co-operation and not from demanding. Asking God is not the basis of true prayer. First there must be adequate preparation and assimilation into the consciousness of God until the spirit of God moves in and through you and permeates all of your life, then when disaster comes and death comes and failure comes and tragedy comes, you don't have to make a deal with God. God has already made one with you! And perhaps what happened is best. Perhaps it was a part of something you needed to experience, to find the refinement of your soul, something to make life worth living, for you don't *find* life worth living. Life is something you *make* worth living. Life is a continual clash of the high imperative of divine principle permeating every atom of being, every word that is uttered, every move that is made. That is what Paul meant when he said "Pray without ceasing." It wasn't the formula of prayer or it wasn't formal prayer and it wasn't written prayer. It wasn't prayer that implored God. It is the life which is the prayer. We pray without ceasing, always and always a prayer. That the Divine Source is available never deny, never doubt. There isn't a heartache, there isn't a problem, there isn't anything but what that Power is available to you. It is never denied to the most vile, the most corrupt sinner. It is never denied to the most tragic situation of life. That Power is never recalled. It is always

available. But if I put it on the basis of what I want and need and demand and what I challenge God to do and taunt Him with, I have no business to revolt against the idea of God because my prayers aren't answered. I have had to stand in hospital rooms and have heartbroken loved ones stand nearby and say "Don't tell me there is a God." I have had people say in the extremity of their experiences of life "I prayed and I prayed and I prayed and there is no one to hear." What a tragedy for anyone to have an idea like that. What a tragedy. And the idea is a false one, an untrue one. Let me put it as affirmatively as I possibly can: There is always available to every human heart a power which if they will put their lives in conformity with the principles of that power, they will receive strength and courage to handle anything. Who are the people who go to pieces under great stress of heartache or sorrow? Who are the people who jump out of a 20-story window when their fortune is lost? Who are the people who are so confused and have created life in terms of such failure and desperation that they go deeper and deeper and deeper without anchorage and without hope? Who are the people who when trouble comes completely break down physically, morally, and mentally? Who are those people? They are the tragic people, the tragic people who have never had it in their deepest consciousness that there is available for them a power which transcends earth and heaven; that there is a power that can touch their heart and touch their life and give strength and fortitude. There is that power available. It isn't a matter of theology. It isn't a matter of a creed. It isn't a matter of ceremony. It isn't a matter of dogma. I will promise you that if the most troubled heart and the most troubled life and the one battling with the most temptation this very afternoon will go into the quiet of his own room alone and shut the door and say "O, God, let that power come into my life. Let it take possession of me. Do something about my appetite. Do something about the passions that surge through me. Do something, God, about this mess of my life. Do something!" And then make a complete surrender. "I am all in Thy hands, God." Don't ask for wealth. Don't ask for a job. Don't ask for health. Don't ask for a thing. Get the heart cleansed first. Touch the power first and it will surge through you like an electric current. Why, it has worked since this service started. There are people now at their radios who have now sensed a feeling of a potentiality of power that they didn't have in their lives before I stated affirmatively that it is there. There are people in the congregation who have felt the electric force of that motivating spirit. There isn't anything between you and the spirit of God, nothing—your sins, your wickedness, your crimes, nothing. There is nothing between you and God. You can look into the Heart of the Eternal and say "O, God, for the power, the redemptive, the cleansing power of that love."

Remember every prayer is answered. There are no unanswered prayers. Every prayer is answered. You look at me and say "Why, Dr. Bradley, how absurd. I have said a thousand that weren't answered." No you haven't. You never had a prayer that wasn't answered. I have never had one. You see we only think of answered prayer in the terms of what we want, and when we don't get what we want we say that God doesn't answer prayer. God has His own answer and God's answer may not be your answer at all. The thing that you felt was that God did not answer. Be careful

what you pray. It isn't to be entered into lightly. It will be answered, so be careful what you pray. The most beautiful definition of prayer in our language is the definition of the poet: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed. After this manner, pray ye."

## Men's Club Affiliates With The Unitarian Layman's League

The following letter was received at the office of The Liberalist, from Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Secretary of the Men's Club of the Peoples Church: To The Readers of The Liberalist:

The Men's Club at its final session of the season voted to affiliate with the Unitarian Layman's League. This was in accordance with a suggestion by Dr. Bradley, who has long desired a closer relationship between the Men's Club of our Church and those of the other liberal churches, local as well as national.

This opens to the club an entirely new approach pertaining to programs for future meetings and will extend the influence of Dr. Bradley's pulpit. At the same time we will be working together with the other liberal organizations toward a common goal. As ours is the largest Unitarian Church, the other churches will expect the Men's Club of the Peoples Church to furnish much of the leadership.

While our Men's Club is a healthy and flourishing organization, the above action brings to focus the need for more men of the Church to become active workers in our club. Even the support of a paying membership will be greatly appreciated by our officers.

At present the membership dues in our club is at the nominal price of only $2.00 a year. Why not join today and send your membership dues to the undersigned? If you are willing to serve on one of the Committees of the Club, mention it in your letter. One receives from a club in proportion to what one puts into it.

Sincerely yours,
Harold E. Hansen, Secretary.

## THE CHOICE

God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets—most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth.

He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and afloat. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being. —Ralph Waldo Emerson

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

**941 Lawrence Avenue**

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Opening service, September 21.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Opening service, September 21.

Sunday Evening Service (November through Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Re-opens in October, 1952. Meets every other Monday during the season. For summer events, contact Mrs. Lester Nelson, 909 Wilson Ave., LOngbeach 1-8450.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Opens in October. Meets the second Tuesday of each month.

For summer events, Miss Rosemary Christenson, Corresponding Secretary, 2805 N. Leavitt St.

Men's Club—Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Avenue, EDgewater 4-5998.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.
*In Memoriam*

Channing Club (young people of high school age). Meets 1st and 3rd Friday, Secretary, Roberta Rosseter, 4183 N. Clarendon, DIversey 8-2541.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.
through June 6.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Arthur J. Williams, Jr., 4237 N. Hermitage Ave.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall.... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, 4th Friday, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.
(All Scout Meetings during the church season only.)

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## DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season the entire church service is broadcast.....11:00 a.m.

During the summer Dr. Bradley will be heard at 11 o'clock over WJJD on a new program called "Inspiration and Music."

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
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# EDITORIAL

WE sometimes forget that in the pre-constitutional era of this country many people were just as crude, vile and dishonest as anyone we have today. All our constitutional ancestors were not such that they believed in good government. Some of them were people who represented the complete ramification of immorality both in government and society. A few of the men possessed such intellectual understanding of the fundamental qualifications of creating a free society within the framework of government that they became the leaders and the preservers.

Democracy, in every crisis of its history, has been preserved by its aristocrats; the type of leadership so beautifully integrated that they are never satisfied with anything less than the best and will only stand for and promote the excellent.

We need now the carefully and creatively trained personality, as we have never needed it since Benjamin Franklin's time, the individual who will not merely emotionally respond to injustice and corruption, greed, graft and public betrayal, but associated with that reaction such an integrated type of man, with such a fundamental grasp of historical processes that the leadership will be real leadership and the results will have an enduring quality.

It is not easy to find that kind of leadership. That kind of a personality is under suspicion by most of the mass and the mob. Most people respond only emotionally to great historical moments, and the individual who indicates scholarship, training equipment, character and ability frequently is superseded by clever people, clever institutions and political manipulation, so that instead of getting true greatness in leadership on every level of government, we get mediocre men and little men.

Our tragedy today is the pathetic situation of little men in positions of greatness; men who are there because people were swayed by loyalties unworthy of those people at their best.

The problem before a democratic society is how we can respond to the needs of the people and produce the type of leadership they need. People are so easily swayed, until a certain type of personality in political life can

stampede almost an entire society with a fanaticism which by itself is attractive, but if not associated with basic fundamental intellectual integrity soon becomes useless and the society is in danger.

One of the greatest problems in the world in a democratic society is how to get the people who compose it to realize their own needs and what is best for them.

Let us stand for the Benjamin Franklin kind of man in public life for our country.

# BOOK CHATS

MY friend, the Reverend Lewis L. Dunnington, Minister of the First Methodist Church in Iowa City, has just published a book which he calls *Keys to Richer Living*. Dr. Dunnington holds two identical services every Sunday. His sermons are so packed with comfort and help, he gives so many practical clues to creative living and rich fulfillment of life that no one wants to miss his sermons. Perhaps you have read some of Dr. Dunnington's previous books: *Something to Stand On—Start Where You Are—Handles of Power—More Handles of Power.* And now The Macmillan Company has published his latest, *Keys to Richer Living.*

His publishers tell us we can "learn the importance of accepting life from his story about Thomas Carlyle's burned manuscript, and of the true spirit of forgiveness from Leonardo da Vinci's attitude toward the soldiers who used his statue for target practice. The vivid examples that move from Isaiah to Lord Halifax, from Christ to Boys Town, will demonstrate the relevance of the Bible to the world today." The book grapples with problems of young people and shows all of us how to make Christianity a practical dynamic force in our daily lives.

Dr. Dunnington's large audience of 2,000 people necessitates his holding the two identical services previously mentioned. Over half his audience is composed of students of all denominations who come to hear him in all kinds of weather.

In a short foreword, Dr. Dunnington says that private interviews with large numbers of these people who come to his study for counselling would seem to indicate clearly that the contents of the chapters of his book have helped to clarify their thinking and to furnish Keys to Richer Living.

This is a small book of only 136 pages, and the chapters are interestingly short.

One cannot read the titles to the chapters without finding some special title in which he is immediately interested—some chapter to which the reader must turn at once. Here they are: The Bundle of Life—The Raw Material of Life—Coming to Terms With Life—Basic Assumptions—Life's Battlefield—Life's Dividends—Made in This Image—The Creative Image—The Personality of Jesus—Night Over Bethlehem—The Vitality of Remembering—The Soul's Listening Post—Empowered by Faith—Fear and Faith—Try This For One Week—Learn to Let Go—When Someone Believes in You—Better to Light a Candle—Life's Gracious Overflow—The Sin Against the Future—The Forgiving God—

Light and Shadow—Choose Life—River of Peace.

Dr. Dunnington's opening statement is that Body, Mind and Spirit make up the triangle of life—an interdependent whole—and that "we are what we eat" must be supplemented with "we are what we think" before we have the whole truth. But he neglects neither one of these predictions. Though we are a hundred and fifty million of the best-fed people on earth, he claims we are slowly dying of starvation. He tells of the miracle of TVA and how the enrichment of the soil of that region has enriched the nourishment of the people and the cattle. There is a "crying need for intelligence in our whole agricultural program" says Dr. Dunnington, "if we would co-operate with God in building sturdy bodies that in turn can house healthy minds and spirits." He then adds: "It is quite possible that some reader may be asking, 'Why doesn't the author write about religion and leave the question of diet to the dietitians?' To which we must reply that 'If this is not a subject of extraordinary religious importance then we wouldn't know what to call it!' We are bound together in the bundle of life *with the Lord our God.* Because of the interdependent way he has created us, he is helpless to answer our prayers for good health until we use our intelligence in obeying his laws."

Every bit of practical advice which the author gives, he supports with Biblical and religious reference, thus interpreting and analyzing the Biblical meanings. Every chapter is inspiriting and inspiring—a challenge to action, creative and positive.

I guarantee that if any reader will get this reasonably priced book and make a study of it, read it over faithfully several times, his life will be revolutionized. The book is filled with actual examples, many bits of helpful poetry are quoted here; biographical sketches are given. The book is alive, from cover to cover, and evidences much background of research.

The chapter on When Someone Believes in You will certainly make the reader decide to believe in himself, and gives one an idea of how to help another with a little confident backing. He tells of driving in a pouring rain one day and picking up a fine looking lad in uniform: Dick Wise, aged nineteen, of Boys Town, Nebraska. "When I mentioned having seen the movie by that name Dick's face beamed. 'That's just what it's like,' he said. 'And Father Flanagan! What a man! He took me in when I was eight. I don't know to this day who my parents were or where I was born. All I know is that Father Flanagan took me in, believed in me, and was a father to me. I'll never let him down—never.' " Then follows the boy's story of how he never has let Father Flanagan down. But you must read it all for yourself. Please get this book and read it. You will never be sorry. And I'm absolutely certain you will thank me for this request. The price is only $2.00. The help you will receive from Keys to Richer Living will be far reaching and beyond any stated price.

* * *

The other day, while waiting for an elevator, I overheard a conversation between two women about our Chicago Public Library. As I have always had a keen interest in our Chicago Public Library and am a member of the Board of Directors, I was greatly interested in what these women might have to say. One of them was distinctly of foreign birth and I had to listen very intently to be sure of understanding her. She said to her friend: "The people who have lived in Chicago all their lives do not half appreciate the beau-

ties of this city. Do you know," she continued, "I spent two solid hours in the Public Library the other day, just looking at the beauty of the building. As I came in at the Washington Street entrance I raised my eyes to the walls and the ceiling and thought to myself—'I need not go to Italy to see examples of exquisite mosaic work; I can just come to the Chicago Public Library.' And so I browsed about the building for two lovely hours."

Why do you not browse around the library and become acquainted with one of our finest cultural opportunities this summer? Make a summer hobby of becoming acquainted with your library. If there is a special subject in which you are interested, go to the Reader's Bureau and ask for help in following through that subject in both books and magazines. You will be amazed at the help you will receive and how interesting your quest will become.

The outstanding event of the Library for the month of May was Public Library Week, sponsored by the Friends of the Chicago Public Library. The week was officially proclaimed by Mayor Kennelly and the Proclamation was used as the basis of exhibits and displays in all agencies in the Library system.

In the Randolph Street Lobby there was the Third Annual Exhibit of Chicago and Midwestern Bookmaking. This exhibit was interesting and informative and attracted not only specialists but lay people as well.

There was an exhibit by the Art Department of the work of John B. Waldheim, brilliant young industrial designer of Chicago and Milwaukee; an exhibit of popular music about Chicago, loaned by Thomas Ferris, who has been collecting music for twenty-five years and is considered the Midwest authority in the popular music field.

All during May there were spot announcements on the radio on the "400 hour" about the Library's service to shut-ins and vacation reading loans. Also on Norman Barry's "What's Going on in Chicago" program.

The new Logan Square Branch was opened during the week of June 21-28.

The next time you are in the loop, why not allow yourself time to stop in at the library and get their announcements for the month of July; find out what is going on in your own Library of interest. This is one place in Chicago which should not be neglected when you are entertaining that out-of-town visitor who comes to "see Chicago." Get acquainted with the advantages which you may be missing —films your club can borrow—free lectures you may hear—help in preparing that little talk for your club. The Library is yours and you will be surprised at all the service it offers you just for the asking.

Have you checked your library card recently? Are you keeping it up to date? If not, it just may be that the next time you go hurrying into the library for a book you need at once, you may find your card has run out and much time will have to be wasted renewing it.

Here is something parents should know which is of special interest to your children of all ages. There is a Summer Reading Game for Children at all branch libraries as well as at the main branch. Any child may register to join this game after July 1st. He reads six books during the summer (books suitable to his own age of course) and attends six meetings with other children and joins with them in discussing the books he has read.

There is a special vacation loan ar-

rangement, whereby one can take out as many books as they wish for vacation reading and keep them until October 1st. This applies whether you are an arm-chair traveler or a real traveler; and applies to summer school camp teachers and camp directors.

At the last library board meeting the Committee on Library recommended the purchase of 6,688 books, and nearly 3,000 volumes were for juveniles. Why should our children spend so much time on comics, when their imaginations can be stimulated with excellent literature which is at the same time beautiful, adventurous, historical or humorous as may be desired.

Let us get really acquainted with our reading opportunities here in Chicago.

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

**By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

IN the June Mail Bag I promised to tell you what Hemophilia is. It is the dreaded crippling bleeding disease—the inherited inability of the blood to clot normally. Those who have this disease may bleed to death from minor cuts or scratches. Slight bruises or strains can cause internal bleeding which can require twenty, thirty or more transfusions and which still may be fatal. Hemorrhages into the knees, hips, elbows and other joints cause the severe permanent crippling typical of this disease.

Over one-half of those born with this condition die before their fifth birthday and very few of those who attain their majority have been able to acquire an education or earn an adequate living. It is a strange disease, for only the male children have it, and it is always transmitted through the mother.

Hemophilia is one of the most painful diseases and, tragically, the pain continues from hemorrhages as long as the sufferer lives. There is no cure or treatment for this condition.

Fortunately for Hemophiliacs, the rubber-band method of tooth extraction has been developed. This has saved the lives of many who would otherwise have died from hemorrhages in the tooth and mouth area.

Fortunately, too, much can be done by way of rehabilitation of those who are crippled. And much can be done, too, to make a Hemophiliac feel that he is not isolated from his fellow human beings.

First, however, one must know who the Hemophiliacs are and this is not always easy to ascertain. Someone has said that "a sense of separateness is hell." Hemophiliacs oftentimes feel that they are so different. They are sensitive and will not let it be known they are sufferers from Hemophilia.

In New York much is being done to organize Hemophiliacs into a group for self-help. My friend Clifford Lyon is attempting to get in touch with as many people suffering from this disease as possible in the Chicago area, so as to form a local association. He wishes

to get a listing of all those in the Chicago area afflicted with this condition. It is felt that grouped together they can be of much mutual benefit to each other and eventually a local source of frozen classified blood plasma may be established and donors contacted for whole blood contact transfusions.

Perhaps some of our readers of The Liberalist may have some friend or relative who is a Hemophiliac. If they live in the mid-west area—Wisconsin, Illinois or Indiana, we would be glad to hear of them. Just write to me in care of the church office, or write direct to Clifford Lyon, 2612 Lakeview Avenue, Chicago 14.

We will be most appreciative of any publicity you can give that will help us to register all those in this area who have Hemophilia.

From time to time I shall let our readers know how this project is progressing and how much you, yourselves, have helped us with it.

* * *

It was all hustle and bustle the Monday morning after our closing church service on June 8th. Such a lovely service as it was, with the church filled with hundreds of people who wanted to, by their presence, wish Dr. Bradley God-speed for his summer of rest and activity combined. So many wanted to shake Dr. Bradley's hand and give him a personal word of greeting or of parting, depending on whether they were radio listeners who might be visiting the church for the first time, or were old-time tried and true church members who wanted to say au revoir for the summer. And at this church service for the first time since his long siege in the hospital was faithful Mr. Lou Hangel, who forced his strength just a little bit to attend the last service for the summer. One of the ushers reported that 245 stood in line to shake Dr. Bradley's hand.

Dr. Bradley's sister, Mrs. Russell V. Judson, was at the service and the next morning left with Dr. Bradley, as did poor little Skippy, a bit bewildered by all the commotion, but so happy not to be left behind; and Dr. Bradley was very happy to at last get Skipper up to the Island for a last romp (or can he romp any more?) perhaps before he goes to the little dog's "happy hunting ground." Ever since Skipper was a puppy he has had these trips to the Island every summer and enjoyed the wonder and freedom of life without a leash.

* * *

Now we open a lovely, grateful note found in our Mailbag:

Dear Doctor:

We wish to offer our congratulations to you on this great day in your life. (Dr. Bradley's 40th Anniversary.) I have wanted to see you and call you several times, but knowing your already overloaded schedule I always hesitate to bother you.

Lorrayne and I sat and listened this morning as we do each Sunday in the quiet of our new home we bought last June. We were actually terror stricken for a few moments. We thought you were going to announce your retirement from something you said. If you knew how we love you and what you mean to us, then and only then would you realize the success of your ministry. Multiply this feeling ten thousand fold and the feeling for you by folks in every walk of life, then you will know the true answer to the job you have done for your fellow men. I have tried to do it with my music for 27 years. I have a picture of you that I carry with me and I have shown it to so many who have heard but never have seen you.

Were I a writer I would write the story of your life, and it would put

Sandberg's Lincoln and Shelley's poetry to shame.

I will be 43 on May 8th and I have had you in my life since I was 12 years old. I have all your books; I have wire recordings of sermons which, when I'm low in spirit provide my source of comfort and new courage.

I have been going through a bad cycle in my work. Those things happen to musicians. Poor, sensitive people they are. You have taught me how to absorb the indignities and injustices heaped on us who serve the public. The burden gets so heavy at times, as you well know. Enough of my troubles.

Once again our best to you, and also our most sincere congratulations. God bless you.

Your devoted kids.

I have not included the signature as the letter is rather personal, but because it contains such a beautiful note of gratitude I wanted to share it with our readers.

Next we find in the Mail Bag a recent issue of the Real Estate News, and under a heading "Who's Who," there appears a brief biography of one of the radio members of the Peoples Church of very long standing, Mr. Frank J. Petru, a faithful listener and contributor to the Peoples Church. Mr. Petru maintains a real estate office at 1443 W. 18th Street, is a native Chicagoan and has been active in real estate for over 50 years. He is the oldest realtor on the West Side of Chicago. Mr. Petru was a member of the charter organizing committee of the Cook County Real Estate Board, which later merged with the Chicago Real Estate Board. He served as president and trustee of the Board of Education of Cicero for 25 years; president of the Illinois State School Board, four terms; president of the Building and Loan Association of the State of Illinois; Mr. Petru has been trustee and treasurer of the Bohemian Home for Children and Aged for 50 years. This is only a part of his fine record, but because many of our members know Mr. Petru, especially our Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, and because he is such a faithful friend of the church, we felt our members would like to read of this fine record of service to his community.

* * *

Dr. Bradley's sermon on "Why Bishop Sheen Succeeds in Television" brought much comment, all of which was extremely favorable except in one single instance which was so ridiculous that if it were not for wasting precious space, it would be published here. The writer was perfectly certain that Dr. Bradley was about to become a Roman Catholic convert, forgetting that the particular program referred to was entirely non-religious, non-credal and entirely inspirational. We thought our readers might like to read the following two letters:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is just a line to say how much I enjoyed listening to your sermon on Bishop Sheen's television program over the radio yesterday. It was most inspiring. It was particularly interesting to me because at one time I was in professional radio and the reason I am not in it today is because I would not bury my ideals of what radio should be doing with what I was told would "sell."

If at all possible I would appreciate a copy of that sermon to add to a study I am working on as a hobby. The study is to bring out the needs of the radio and television listener today (the need being programs that will encourage spiritual growth) and my plan for meeting those needs.

My very best wishes to you on your

many years of helpful broadcasting.

Cordially,

T. B. Rockwood,
Public Relations Department,
Illinois Central Railroad.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was good to tune in on WJJD at noon yesterday and listen to your talk on "Why Bishop Sheen Succeeds on Television." Your remarks were well made and directed. They were much appreciated.

On Dombrowski's Polish Legion's Banner of the 18th Century appears the legend "All free men are brothers." Well can it be said that all men of good will can make this earth a better place to live in and we here can enjoy the "paradise" that is America.

Yours truly,

Vincent L. Knaus,
Attorney at Law,
State Chairman,
Religious Liberty Committee,
Knights of Columbus.

* * *

And here is a suggestion for a new way to hear Dr. Bradley:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We used to listen to your services over the radio every Sunday, but since Chicago time has changed we do not get home from our own church services in time to enjoy very much of yours. Yesterday we had the bright idea of using the time clock on the tape recorder, so while at church the clock turned on the recorder and when we came home we enjoyed the whole service as we ate our dinner. Now the Sundays will seem right, for we did hate missing your services.

A year go at Easter time, while on our wedding trip, we attended the Peoples Church and were thrilled by its immensity, the throngs of people in attendance, all the beautiful flowers at the altar, the lovely choral numbers and your exceedingly fine Easter message. Now each Sunday, in imagination, we sit in that same pew and listen to you.

May God continue to bless you with good health and strength to carry on His work for many years to come. Here is a small contribution to help in this work.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Nestrom,
Whitehall, Michigan.

Dr. Bradley did appreciate so much this lovely letter from his old home state of Michigan.

* * *

This next letter was read over the air by Dr. Bradley, but there may have been those who did not hear it and we think it will bear repeating:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was my pleasure to act as chaperone for the Channing Club while visiting Holland, Michigan, and the Tulip Festival last week-end. Remember the group that did the 'Gay 90's" at the Sunday School supper? Really, Dr. Bradley, I'm sure you would have enjoyed being with us. This group is really wonderful and represent the very cream of our church!

We left Chicago at 6:00 a.m. on Saturday morning and arrived at our hotel at 10:30 a.m.—the Hotel Macatawa, just outside of Holland. It is a very scenic setting, very much like Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island.

Briefly, on Sunday morning before "our own" services were due on the air, Paul Peters, the group sponsor and also their Sunday School leader, conducted the regular Sunday School class on the front porch of the hotel, facing Lake Macatawa. Lake Michigan is directly behind this hotel. All I could think of while sitting there was the line from our litany: "the beauty and wonder of nature."

You would have been so proud of

the group. They very earnestly and sincerely conducted the class, stressing the key-word, "citizenship." Following this, a brief, silent prayer, the Lord's Prayer in unison and a song. Then we filed down the path to our car, singing "our processional." Arrived at the car we tuned in to you and "our services." I cannot possibly describe the beauty of this experience—anyway, I shall try! All of our group joined in the choir responses and your silent prayer. At exactly 11:35 (we had a very heavy schedule and what an active group) we drove to Holland and heard you say "driving along the highways," etc.

Well, Dr. Bradley, due to picture taking and points of interest to be visited, I want you to know what fine missionaries your young people are. First of all, each member of this group wanted to hear and be a part of the church, even though they were out on an outing! The hotel manager told me that we could return at any time—he had never seen such a fine group of 'teen-agers—when most people actually sneer at the very word.

Well, Dr. Bradley, without taking more of your time, I must close now, with the hope that your summer will be all that you plan for. God bless you always.

Sincerely,

Marie Tilles.

* * *

The following note pleased Dr. Bradley greatly and is self-explanatory:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a note to express my appreciation for all you've done to make this event possible for me. I "found" the Liberal faith in the People's Church, and since then you endorsed me for its ministry. You and the church will always remain an example for me.

With sincere thanks,

John Fordan

1850 Arch St., Berkeley, Calif.

With the above note came an invitation from the Board of Trustees of the Starr King School for the Ministry requesting the honor of Dr. Bradley's presence at the Commencement Exercises for the Forty-eighth Academic Year, to be held in The First Unitarian Church at Dana Street and Bancroft Way, Berkeley, California. John Fordan was one of those graduates.

* * *

You will be interested in the following letter from Dr. L. L. Dunnington, of Iowa City, Iowa, for it is his latest book which Dr. Bradley talks about in his Book Chats in this number of The Liberalist:

Dear Preston:

I am not sure whether Macmillan has sent you a copy of my new book, and in any case I want you to have one with a few choice words on the flyleaf. A couple of my boys and their wives living in Chicago occasionally attend your church even though they have to drive quite a ways, and when they do not attend they listen. They are getting a very great deal out of your vital ministry, and this is one little way of saying a big "Thank you" to one of the few men in America who really know how to preach.

Blessings on you always, my good friend Preston.

Ever yours,

Lew.

* * *

Be sure to keep in touch with The Liberalist during the summer to hear about Dr. Bradley's summer abroad.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

**MAY 16 TO JUNE 15**

**MAY**

17—Address. Indiana Schoolmen's Club. Riley Room, Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis, Indiana

18—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Outdoor Sunday
Installation Sermon. Bethel Church, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the Rev. Wm. Clyde Donald III

19—Address. P.T.A., Lincoln School, Park Ridge, Illinois

20—Cutting seven records at WJJD for summer broadcasts
Address. Inter-professional Institute, Elks Club, Kenosha, Wis.

21—Funeral
Address. Brookfield Educational Assn., Brookfield, Ill.

22—Address. American Legion Auditorium, Bloomington, Illinois

23—Address. I.W.L.A. Chicago Chapter Adventurer's Club

24—Wedding
Funeral
Address. Commencement. Illinois College of Chiropody. Lane High School Auditorium

25—Memorial Sunday Service. Peoples Church
Address. Columbia Post Monument, Forest Home Cemetery

26—Address. Men's Club. Peoples Church

27—Address. Fraternal Order of Police, Mishawaka, Indiana.

28—Address. Congregation Shaare Tikvah

29—Commencement Address. Goshen, Indiana

30—Commencement Address. Armstrong Township High School, Armstrong, Illinois

31—Funeral
Wedding
Address. Walt Whitman Fellowship, Fine Arts Building

**JUNE**

1—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Baccalaureate Sermon. Palatine High School, Palatine, Illinois.

3—Cut seven records at WJJD for Summer Broadcasts
Commencement Address. Orland Park High School, Orland Park, Illinois

4—Funeral
Address. 50th Annual Convention. Illinois Baptist Convention. Monumental Baptist Church

5—Commencement Address. Mendota High School, Mendota, Illinois

6—Funeral
Board Meeting. Peoples Church

7—Four Weddings
Two Funerals
One Christening

8—Closing Sunday Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Convocation Address. Gary High School. Memorial Auditorium, Gary, Ind.

13—Commencement Address. High School. Linden, Michigan

15—Dedication Address. William Dilg Memorial, I.W.L.A., Winona, Minnesota

16—Address. Banquet for Rotary District No. 208, Merrill, Wisconsin.

## FUNERALS

**MAY**

21—Mrs. Maude Baker
24—John W. Sieger
31—Mrs. Minnie M. Placey

**JUNE**

4—Benjamin F. Kemp
6—Mrs. Lillian E. O'Grady
7—Mrs. Christina Bartlett
Margaret Hennig

## WEDDINGS

**MAY**

24—Gloria Harnstrom and Glenn Huguelet
31—Sylvia Mulac and Chester P. Smith

**JUNE**

7—Ruth Helen Nielsen and Jack Singer
Vincenta D. Carlini and Frank Denk, Jr.
Nell Mills and Warren M. Hall
Ella J. Opfergelt and Fred W. Wittstock

## CHRISTENINGS

**MAY**

18—John William Heign, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Heign

25—Ross William Nay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Nay
Janet Christine Trainor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Trainor

**JUNE**

1—David Rollan Gerard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Rollan Gerard

7—Sarah Joan Graham, daughter of Mr and Mrs. Frederick Michael Graham

8—Gary Mark Muhonen and Charles Edward Muhonen, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Muhonen

Barry Alan Kandul, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kandul

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